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HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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The enterprising Turk having discovered NOAH'S ark frozen up solid on the top of Mount Ararat, we hope BOB INGERSOLL will hasten to inspect the find and discover by what system NOAH ventilated the concern through one small window in the roof.

The trip of President ARTHUR and General SHERIDAN to the Yellowstone begins to look suspiciously like a job to wheedle the Shoshones and Arapahoes out of a large area of valuable land. Secretary TELLER had better keep his eye upon this pleasure excursion.

While France has been exercising the arts of diplomacy and playing what she imagined was a very deep game with China, the latter has said but little and quietly prepared for something more conclusive than diplomacy. Despatches from San Francisco state that during the past eighteen months 240,000 Springfield rifles and other war material, valued at about \$5,000,000, have been shipped from that port to Shanghai. With a man behind each of these Springfield rifles, China will be able to make it very interesting for the French invaders of Tonquin.

The assertion of the British government, that it has not exported paupers to this country, but that only assisted emigrants who have friends here to care for them, is not in accordance with the facts. A family of nine assisted emigrants from Galway, sent by way of Boston, have appeared as paupers for county aid in Brooklyn, and will be "assisted" back to Ireland. The scheme of compelling the United States to support the people whom it has robbed to the point of starvation having failed, the benevolent British government now proposes to bundle them over to Canada, and settle about 200,000 of them on small farms. No doubt these poor people will be much better off in Canada, working for themselves, than they are in Ireland working for landlords, but that does not alter the fact that evulsion by starvation is an infamous thing. The British government will brag of its benevolence in sending the poor people of Ireland to Canadian farms. But the people of Ireland do not want benevolence; they want justice. Justice would give them farms in Ireland, where they have the right to live, and send the game-preserving landlords to Canada or anywhere whither out of Ireland.

It is not surprising that the cholera spread, rapidly when once it gets a start in the land of the late lamented Pharaohs. When the government adopts measures to check the plague the inhabitants employ their feeble wits, and as much of their time as they can spare from the pleasures of acquiring a colic, in devising schemes for evading quarantine. The establishment of a cord on line to forcibly disengage the natives from impeding each other was considered sufficient protection for rioting, and when a foreign government kindly sent a corps of physicians to Egypt, the plague-worshipping blockheads of natives promptly bundled them out of the country. A local doctor, having the unexpected wisdom to forbid an elaborate funeral orge over a dead cholera patient, the people assaulted him, and then stoned the troops who were called out to assist the doctor in preventing the mourners from enjoying the immortal blessings of a mortal bellyache. It is discouraging work to fight such an alliance of disease and stupidity, and if the British government wants to earn the everlasting gratitude of the Egyptians it should put all the doctors in jail and import a few shiploads of green watermelons and Jersey peaches.

The New York Sun prints a five-column report of an interview held with DORSEY at his ranch in New Mexico by one of its own staff, which is more complete and direct than anything previously published as coming from the manager of the Republican campaign of 1880. Instead of denying the accuracy of the broadside first published by the Sun, DORSEY emphatically backs it up and gives names and dates. DORSEY asserts that SHERMAN was betrayed at Chicago; that the support of the New York Stalwarts was bought by a positive promise to appoint LEVI P. MORTON secretary of the treasury; that New York bankers furnished money on the strength of a promise that they should refund the government bonds; that GOULD and HUNTINGTON paid \$100,000 for the appointment of STANLEY MATTHEWS; that \$400,000 were spent to carry Indiana, and that the money raised by the campaign committee, nearly two million dollars, was a corruption fund. This story cannot be offset by mere quibbling. It is true in the main, and the Republican managers dare not reply to it, because they know it is not only true, but can be proved. It is clear and beyond possibility of doubt that the Republican party corruptly bought the presidency in 1880. The presidency must not be stolen or obtained by bribery again.

That rude sense of justice which prevails in the wild West, and sometimes elsewhere in a way which shocks our Eastern ideas of propriety, has vindicated the liberty of the press in a way which deserves more notice than has yet been paid it. At Dead Bluffs, Colorado, an exasperated editor, having tried persuasion on one of his delinquent subscribers until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, finally went gunning for him and sent his procrustean spirit "over the river" as a receipt in full for all demands. The friends of the corpse had the editor arrested; but the sheriff sympathized with him, allowed him to edit the paper from the jail and to visit his office once a week and "make up" the paper. In a few months the grand jury sat, determined unani-

mously that the shooting was justifiable homicide, and refused to indict him. As soon as this became known all the surviving patrons of the paper hurried in with their subscriptions, and the editor is now flush with money, as he never was before, and as happy as the proverbial calf at high water. Colorado is evidently a paradise for country editors.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

Though according to the almanac we are now but just enjoying the midsummer days, and though according to the astronomers the sun has but just passed the midway point of his summer journey, nevertheless the coming of autumn distinctly casts its shadow before the delightful days of last week and reminded us that even before we are getting the merest speaking acquaintance with summer we must soon bid her farewell and prepare to welcome her successor. For their warning was unmistakable, in the dim yellow tinge of their sunshine, in their soft pleasant coolness, born not of east wind and salt sea savor, but of lessening sun's warmth, in their autumn feeling that penetrated earth and air and sky, and spoke from sunbeam and breeze, from moonrise and sunset.

Has summer grown coy and haughty and reserved during these latter years? We know but little of her glowing fervor and her impetuous heats. She comes late, she looks upon us superciliously, and she departs early. She bestows upon us but seldom the glory of her "hot high noons," and as she turns to leave us the order of her going is not as brilliant as she was wont to make it. Talk of the "dull November days" being "the talk of the year!" What are they to the sadness that lingers in the air and yellows the sunshine as the glories of summer begin to fade, and the reminders of the coming of autumn are more frequent?

Those days are upon us now in all their sad beauty, and every morning brings its touching reminder that the glorious vigor of the summer days is going down to its death. But, with all their signs of decay and all their meaning of age and death, rather than life and vigor, it is a regal beauty that these days wear. Nature is at her best of ripeness and fulness, and her devotees are well repaid for their worship, whether they send up their adoration at the seashore, on the mountain side or in the stillness of inland fields and woods.

END OF THE CONCORD SCHOOL.

Thursday evening's lecture at the Concord school was upon "Platonism in Relation to Modern Thought," by Mr. Lewis Block of Chicago. It was a very elaborate exposition, and showed much care and thought, yet its obscurity made it difficult of comprehension. The audience was attentive and rewarded the lecturer for his efforts with applause, a rare mark of appreciation in the School of Philosophy.

Professor HARRIS said the "eternal now" is that it is impossible for any human being to think of any stage not passive or not active. There is no possibility of other universes because this one contains all others. The creation of the world is the result of the knowing of the relation of the second to the first person, and as all this is within the self-knowledge of the first, it is called a "double procession." Extracts from report.

A double procession, headed by a mental fog, tailed by a gab-fisted callopie and bill-posted by FRANK SANBORN, is the summer attraction at Concord. We submit that Mr. LEWIS BLOCK has attained the very summit of philosophy as misunderstood at Concord. The elaborate obscurity of his exposition of transcendental verbiage was so carefully contrived that what he said was beyond the comprehension of his audience; wherefore the audience enthusiastically applauded. From the heights of superior imanity, infested by babbling word-monsters, tumble the big blobs of blue bosh, and in the oozy puddles of muddled thought flounder the tadpole philosophers, spluttering their admiration for incomprehensibilities and solemnly trying to kick off their own tails. The puddles are occasionally stirred spatteringly by the kerchunk of a new phrase, the progeny of Professor HARRIS' tongue clapperwise enanored of a handful of printer's pi. The school has adjourned until next year, and if the lecturers have not escaped, we suggest that they be seized and impounded between the covers of a dictionary until they learn to talk United States.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The week closed Saturday with a better feeling in business circles. Men of good judgment are inclined to think that if we were to have failures it is much better for the business of the country to have them now than after the fall trade has begun. This is undoubtedly a wise view of the case, and the small percentage of failures in proportion to the number engaged in the trades affected shows that there is not the slightest cause for alarm.

A panic which is expected never comes, because people are prepared for it, discount it, and it always fails to arrive on schedule time. It is when everything is inflated and all men are unprepared that a panic comes like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky. What we have had thus far in the way of failures have been simply like a few bolts on a man's person, as a gentleman expressed it yesterday. When lanced and discharged the patient is better, and it is so in regard to the case in hand.

The suspensions we have had here and there teach prudence, but are in no sense the forerunners of grave disaster. They are really not entitled to the prominence which they have received. The wild assertions of a few newspapers and the croaking of small, narrow-minded men, who love to predict disaster, have really done more to disturb confidence than the actual failures. Every clear-headed business man in the community can see that this is true, and that on this acts and conversation largely depend their confidence which is the basis of a good trade, fair profits and general prosperity.

JAY GOULD'S INCOME BEATEN.

A thousand orators and a hundred writers—EMERSON at their head—have proclaimed this to be the age of mind, the age when intellect is supreme, and when the productions of the mind are, for the first time since the world began, duly appreciated. Indeed some conservative old fogies have been afraid that manual labor was too contemptuously considered, and have, with CARLYLE, upheld the dignity of labor and praised the hard hands and furtive glances of the sons of toil. In one of the most eloquent passages in "Sartor Resartus," Professor TEUFELDRUCKE vindicates the laborer with his hands from the aspersions which CARLYLE believed had been cast upon him in this age when the mind only was worshipped.

But here in the great republic of the new world, however it may be in the effete dynasties of the old, at least one "toiler with his hands" meets with his due reward, and the brains for support are honorably hung by their diminished heads. The actual time occupied by Mr. SULLIVAN in disposing of Mr. SLADE, including the waits between the rounds, was fourteen minutes and twenty seconds. For this he received \$9000. The late Senator CARPENTER of Wisconsin, who probably was as well rewarded for his work as any lawyer at the American bar during this generation, is said to have received \$6000 for an argument which he made before the Supreme Court of the United States in a cause involving the disposition of millions. It has always been considered a high fee. Yet, in order to make it, Mr. CARPENTER had spent his life in legal training and had devoted several

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Even JOHN R. COVON, perhaps the most popular speaker this country ever had, could not, in his best days, have filled a hall as Madison Square Garden was filled the other night, and as for enthusiasm—even the receptions of GRANT or SHERIDAN, immediately after the war, were cold and lifeless in comparison. Nothing succeeds like success, and this is certainly a great country.

CHAIRMAN LODGE VINDICATES THE GLOBE.

The young and innocent GLOBE has been pretty roughly denounced by the Republican papers in this city and throughout the State for insisting that there were two wings of the Republican party, the Silk Stockings and the Piebalds. But as we had stated a truth which is well understood the denials have proved utterly useless.

At the meeting of the executive committee of the Republican Committee on Thursday an attempt was made to select a chairman of the committee on resolutions for the coming State convention. The Herald, in its account of the meeting, states that

"Mr. LODGE wanted Mr. BRUCE of Somerville to write the resolves, but the sense of the committee was against the selection of the gentleman who had saved the Governor in the matter of the Christian emperors. Just what was the objection to Mr. BRUCE did not transpire. Mr. LODGE wanted Mr. BRUCE, so as to give 'the other end' of the party from that represented by Colonel CORMAN a place in the official organization of the convention."

We call the particular attention of the Journal and Transcript to the last sentence: "Mr. LODGE wanted Mr. BRUCE, so as to give 'the other end' of the party from that represented by Colonel CORMAN a place in the official organization of the convention."

When the chairman of the Republican State Committee announces publicly in this emphatic manner that THE GLOBE is right, we can draw around us our robe of innocence and truth and laugh at the denials of his organs.

There are two ends of the party, and the CORMAN end has the most supreme contempt for the other. It is willing to use the Piebalds because they have the votes, but any recognition beyond what policy and expediency dictate is out of the question.

BARBAROUS SPORT.

They had another fox hunt at Newport last Friday, and the noble sport was indulged in by a number of male and female "best people." The hounds followed the trail of an anise-seed bag for several miles, and, at a point previously agreed upon, a tame fox was turned loose in an open field at the end of the run. There was neither shrub, tree nor woodchuck hole in the field, which was enclosed by a stone wall, and the poor fox was so lame or so frightened that when he was let out of the box he did not offer to run, and, before the hounds arrived, a crowd of boys assumed themselves by chasing it back and forth across the field. Noble sport and noble sportsmen!

Poor, bewildered, Reynard, brought in a box from distant woods, fled himself suddenly expelled from his prison, and one quick glimpse shows him the hopelessness of running for cover. There is no cover—nothing but a bare field and stone walls, and outside the stone walls are carriages filled with men and women come to see his death. Yelling fiends of small boys swoop down upon him to further confuse and frighten him, and, while he is dodging them, the exultant yelping of hounds breaks upon his ear from close by, and he turns one terrified glance toward the howling pack. Which way to fly he knows not. At home he would have all his wits about him, and know just where to dodge and where to seek for safety, but there is no safety here. In hopeless desperation he runs anywhere, dodges and dodges in amongst the yelping pack, while men on horseback pour into the field and encourage his tormentors with shouts. Desperately he snaps at the nearest hound. In a second more he is tossed in the air and torn by cruel fangs, and then death comes like a black shadow over his eyes, and the agony and the horrid din are done.

Male and female "best people" snobs every one, divide and carry away his fox, and pretend that they have hunted the fox in true English style. A hunt indeed! A cruel, cowardly, contemptible assassination of a defenceless dumb beast! There is some manliness about an English fox hunt, when the beast has a fair chance to escape, and frequently does escape, but there is not one redeeming feature about the cruel Newport travesty of a hunt. How any woman can take part in such an affair is beyond comprehension.

Here is an opportunity for Captain Nathan Ap-pleton and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to make themselves useful at Newport, and at the next fox slaughter we may expect to see the society turn out in the saddle and arrest the whole troop of dukes and duclets on the field.

WHAT SURPRISES THEM MOST.

The real trouble with the leading Republicans in Massachusetts this year has been that for the first time in many years they have not been able to distribute the offices in accordance with their own sweet will and pleasure. They make a great deal of brag and bluster over their claim that Governor BUTLER has disgraced the State, but they are really mad because they have not been able to control the offices.

For many years they have been able to get together like a family party, and decide that A. shall have this office, B. shall take that one, C. the other, and so on to the end of the list. It was a nice little arrangement for the gentlemen who had the power, and Republicans were put on guard with no more regard for civil service or any other reform than for the laws of the Medes and Persians. The idea that fifty, seventy-five or an hundred thousand Democrats had any right to an office of any kind was too absurd to be tolerated for a moment. Republican States were for Republicans, and the famous sentence which Mr. FLAXAUGH of Texas threw at Colonel CORMAN'S head in the Chicago convention, "What are we here for, if not to secure the offices," has ever been the motto of the party in this State.

This year the case has been different. The Democratic party has had a fair show for the first time in the history of the present generation. In spite of the Republican Council, Governor BUTLER has been able to upset the old practice, and there is wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Republican ranks. Instead of standing behind the throne and dictating the manner of distributing the offices the leading Republicans have been obliged to cool their heels outside the Council chamber. Trying to get councillors to defeat Governor BUTLER'S nominations has been the height of their ambition. Because the Governor has had the independence to assert his rights they have talked of "usurpation of power" or anything else which will hide their chagrin at their loss of dictation.

Although he is HENRY CABOT LODGE and has, at 30, had the sublime courage to dissect great men like ALEXANDER HAMILTON and DANIEL WEBSTER, the chairman of the Republican committee has not stalked into the executive chamber, as in days of yore, to suggest how the offices had better be distributed. FRANK SANBORN'S Springfield Republican venom has no terrors for this administration, as has been the case in years past and gone.

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THE INDIAN INFAMY.

One of DORSEY'S assistants in the Indiana campaign, a Republican officeholder, specially detailed for political duty while drawing pay from the government, has given the New York Sun a sworn detailed account of how the corruption fund was used to carry Indiana. The money was paid out on the orders of DORSEY and GEORGE C. CORHAM, and special agents of the post office were employed to arrange bargains with politicians for influence and votes. Letter-carriers, petty officeholders and ward strikers were imported from the East to do the work at the polls, and DORSEY directed the whole business. Senator DON CAMERON obtained \$60,000 from the manufacturers of Pennsylvania, and personally carried the money to Indiana in a satchel. Among the men who were cognizant of these facts, says the Sun's informant, were MARSH DUNN of Delaware, Special Agents TIDBALL and HENDERSON of the Post Office Department, Surveyor CAULK and Major WIGGEL of Baltimore, THOMAS CHAPPEL and THOMAS CAVANAUGH of the Treasury Department. The last named was the deputy sergeant-at-arms of the last House.

And so the evidence accumulates that the Republican party's campaign of great moral ideas was a campaign of corruption and infamous political jobbery. The Republican party must not control this government after 1884.

Civil service reform is making great progress in the departments at Washington. Superintendent SEATON of the Census Bureau having to cut down his force of 170 clerks one half, wrote the names of the 170 on slips of paper, blindfolded a boy and had him draw out eighty-five names. The eighty-five clerks to whom these names belonged are furloughed without pay until such time as the secretary of the interior can provide for them elsewhere in the Interior Department. The eighty-five whose names remained in the box will be retained at present. Where is the Civil Service Commission, and what's it there for?

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Tom Trotter felt good when he bought for \$10 a venerable and melancholy horse at a police auction sale Saturday in Jersey City. When the man who had been keeping the venerable and melancholy animal while his owner was in jail presented the horse for \$10, which Trotter had to pay, a change came over the spirit of his dreams.

A Somerville book agent, who has been wearing a small circular bit of court plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since and replaced it when his toilet was completed. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere noted with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock purchased the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription: "Warranted solid brass."

Houltham's hen caused the death of John Phillips, Dr. Gregory's colored hostler, in St. Louis last week. He saw an unknown man carrying it off, and threw two stones at the thief, one of which struck hard and solid against his ribs. The thief drew a knife and stabbed Phillips fatally, then running away. It was a common little brown hen, and was not worth twenty cents.

We are told that when Jacob kissed Rachel he "lifted up his voice and wept." The cause does not appear, but perhaps Rachel had been eating onions.—[Lowell Citizen.] No, that's not it. A famous philosopher settled that question long ago. When Jacob kissed Rachel his mouth watered; and the lifting up of his voice forced the water out of his mouth.

"How long have you been drinking?" asked a Pittsburg justice of a man arrested during a protracted spree. "Ever since I was born," was the frank reply. Then the prisoner shambled off to be sent a sentence of thirty days.

There is nothing mean about one young man from Winnipeg. He got married the other day, and generously took his mother, brother and newly-made sister-in-law with him on his wedding trip to Montreal.

A man worth \$350,000 died in Lowell not long ago. An inventory made of his estate contained these items: Household furniture, \$200; two horses, \$75; carriage, \$25.

A woman living on the coast of Maine went down to beach one day to collect molasses. She jumped into the breakers three separate times, but the tide was coming in, and each time she was landed high and dry upon the shore—as alive as ever. After the third time she gave up the idea of suicide in disgust, and went home to dry her clothes. Fact.

The wifery of a man as he kisses his wife and children at the depot before they "go to see grandma" is only equalled by his intense exuberance as he applauds the trapeze act at the circus a few hours later.

A Chicago girl imagines herself to be an angel. This illusion will be dispelled the moment she attempts to fly. There must necessarily be a transatlantic voyage before a Chicago girl can flutter like a seraph.

A Chicago Tribune reporter has discovered that the banana, not the apple, which caused the fall of man.

It is always a pleasure to give pleasure. Just as a lady's age ten years less than you know it to be and you had for life.—[New York Herald.]

News comes from Monterey that the alleged Indian on the American flag through an attack by a Mexican mob on the house of the United States consul, was nothing but a common burglar. Fifty odd millions of people may now breathe easier.

The North Carolina young man who committed suicide by swallowing a paper of pins because he was disappointed in love really must have experienced poignant anguish.

George plans to have "Trotter" and "Buck" make money by converting watermelon juice into syrup. The syrup, they say, has a delicious peach-preserve flavor.

the alarm is given. In Boston, New York or Chicago ten seconds is called slow time.

A Boston scientist is trying to invent a machine for storing the force of the wind. When he gets it done he will set it up on Herr Moser's chin and start him on his Philadelphia Press.

"Look now, Pompey, I've got you now. What did you steal all my best melons for last night?" said the irate owner of a discolored "patch" as he grasped the supposed dusky culprit by the collar. "Golly, mas'er! No one know anything 'bout that but me. Who tole yer I did it?"

They say that the Hon. David Davis "did" the Yosemite valley by proxy, so to speak. He said he found a horse stout enough to hold him, so instead of fluttering around on horseback he sat on the porch of the hotel and drank in the scenery, while his more ambitious spouse "did" some of the commoner points of the valley.

"Donna Loreale" writes to the Sun to deny indignantly that all women who smoke cigarettes are "fast." She says that in Spain all ladies smoke cigarettes, from the poorest peasant to the Queen. She herself has smoked cigarettes since she was 6 years old. Just so. The Esquimaux ladies eat bladders. Is that any reason why the Fifth avenue belles should adopt blubber as an article of diet? Away from Rome, do not do as the Romans do. At least do not adopt their bad habits.

One of the queerest sentences ever imposed on a criminal was that given to William Hannah, found guilty before Judge Krehel of St. Louis of selling liquor to Indians. Hannah pleaded ignorance of the law as an excuse, saying he could not read or write. Judge Krehel sentenced him to the county jail till he could learn to write, and sentenced another criminal to jail till he could have taught Hannah the art. In three weeks both men were discharged.

The glorious work of publishing every year, at the expense of the nation, millions of ponderous volumes to be ground up as waste paper is carried on as industriously in England as it is in this country. The most of the many communications that a new member of Parliament receives are printed circulars from the various dealers in waste paper, offering the highest current price for his blue-books and other parliamentary lumber. And these books on the average cost the people about \$1,250,000 per annum.

An agent of the West Shore railroad ran out in his sleighs to meet a train the other day. With in two hours after he received orders from headquarters not to appear on the platform in that way again. The West Shore is evidently ambitious to be called the "Full Dress Line."

Murder is a black crime enough at any time, but would the Brooklyn Eagle headline have us believe that it is any blacker when a negro shoots a colored woman and her pickaninny?

A Syracuse man arrested for being drunk explained that he had taken bourbon and ginger for summer complaint, and the credulous justice let him go.

There are very few politicians in Washington now. Strangers can visit the city without incurring the slightest danger.

Three men met in a hotel a few days ago. One was from Worcester county, one from Norfolk and the other from Plymouth county. One, at least, was a Republican and had always voted the Republican ticket, but all conceded that Butler was almost sure of an election this fall. Another gentleman acknowledged that he had the fear of such a thing, but didn't think it was best to talk that way.

The Detroit Free Press begins an article thus: "A member of the New York Legislature was possessed of a Bible." That beats the Texas meteor story. If Joe Mulholland doesn't look to be he will lose his laurels.

An old maid counts in England keeps eighteen cats and nine dogs. When they once get fairly started they climb up on top of her pins and say she feels just as though she were really married.

A novel suit, growing out of a dispute over one cent, is in progress at Pittsburg. A passenger put off a train because he refused to pay seven cents fare, instead of six, has sued the railroad company for \$600 damages.

Dr. Norvin Green says the telegraph is in its infancy, and just now it seems to be suffering from a bad attack of colic.

The New York Morning Journal is a journalistic phenomenon. It has only reached No. 249, and yet Editor Pulitzer makes affidavit that its actual, genuine, cash-paid circulation August 6 was 71,093 copies. Such rapid newspaper growth is unprecedented in the annals of American journalism.

On one side of an ordinary postal card a French stenographer has written 44,631 words. They are contained in 275 lines, an average of 160 words to each line. Thus every line contains about as much matter as a page of a 12mo. volume! The space for the words had to be calculated, and this calculation forms a frame to the wonderful card.

Lately, in publishing his list of officers from two counties a strip of land in Minnesota sixty-five miles long and a mile wide without local government or official recognition.

"I hate to see a woman with rings in her ears!" exclaimed the deacon. "They ain't natural. If it was intended for woman to wear 'em she would have been born with holes in her ears. The first woman I ever saw with 'em had 'em bored in her cheeks. I'll bet she had 'em bored in her cheeks, and she danced a clog dance. Well, when the rest of the troupe saw our make up, it nearly killed 'em. Most of 'em were old ladies, and then Hamlet got on his ear and said he wouldn't play with two ghosts, and he went off shouting. I'll bet he chum and he makes the sheets and danced a clog dance. Well, when the rest of the troupe saw our make up, it nearly killed 'em. Most of 'em were old ladies, and then Hamlet got on his ear and said he wouldn't play with two ghosts, and he went off shouting. I'll bet he chum and he makes the sheets and danced a clog dance. Well, when the rest of the troupe saw our make up, it nearly killed 'em. 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[Detroit Free Press.]

To Warrant an Attack Upon Grant. He was a menace, but not a danger. It was the same with Taylor. The only chance promising success was an attack by Johnston in conjunction with a sortie by Pemberton. This plan would certainly have been tried could the details have been perfected. The Confederate couriers were intercepted going or coming, and Pemberton could

of the train are told in the smoking car, many good songs are there sung, and no one objects to music or hearty laughter. Contagious diseases and insects don't like to hang around in the tobacco-smelling upholstery of the old "smoker"—often older and more rickety than it ought to be. The good railroad manager provides a comfortably constructed, bright, cheery coach for his eager-loving passengers, and as they smoke they bless him. The smoking car is one of the institutions of

This is the Sunday sun that streams through the cabin window and through the chinks of the cabin wall. It is the same sunshine as that of the week

(Valentine (Neb.) Correspondence Omaha Bee.)

and the regions of earth is primarily due to the tourists' paradise, the land of sight-seers and lovers of nature in her sublimest and loveliest moods. It is the great world's sanitarium. Amid these inspiring scenes the air is dry and pure. Catarrh, hay fever and asthma vanish beneath its balmy influence. From the Deity-wrought laboratories of the mountain sides all over the State burst forth the magical fountains of healing for every class of invalids. Every variety of medicinal

Don't go into the Pullman tonight, come into the day-coach, says Hawkeye Burdette, in the Commercial Travellers' Magazine. If you desire to study character and amuse yourself watching

A little girl and her mother get on. They wear sun-bonnets. Don't peer around into their faces now, but just look at them as they sit before us and tell me which is the girl and which is the mother. The crowning peculiarity of the sun-bonnet is, that it makes the maiden of 20 and the woman of 60 look like twins. There are only two types of faces seen in sun-bonnets. One is faded,

sky Augusta is a Georgia mountain that, viewed from the right point, presents the outline of a prone Indian, and incites a spectator to this world description: "As the sun dipped beyond the verge there was a general conflagration, and sky Augusta was seemingly burned upon his funeral pyre, as no Roman or Greek or later pagan was ever wrapped in fire. And yet a little later, unconsumed and everlasting, we beheld the mighty Indian still bathed in rosy floods of

"He Loved His Fellows."
(Richard Re II.)
He was a-weary; but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was loved

"I furnished lemonade for 666 scholars at the Sunday school picnic two weeks ago, and since that I've done duty in two saloons, and I reckon I've made fully 150 lemonades."

"My goodness, old man, you're as badly off as I am," said the Oyster. "It's a lemonscholly business, ain't it?"

"You bet," replied the Slice; "but I must be off and sour up for another gallon of lemonade; ara-la."

"By-by."

